

## **Murda Mook**

# **"Hustler Spirit"**

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It aint not way in the world your like me  
believe that I was already a man by 19  
At age 16 I had my own apartment  
A riverside co opt but it had carpet  
I was living by myself so you know what that could do  
to a young nigga but I still made my way to school  
But didn't have a 9 to 5  
And you know the rules  
somehow I had to get food  
So I bust a move  
somebody I knew had weight  
I used to go to school and deal it to my white class  
mates  
I rocked for 2 years in that crib  
it was sweet  
until Fire Marshall came and knocked a nigga off his  
feet  
fuck it  
I spent two tears in the bucket  
Shout out to P.O.P  
I got a crib the next week  
Everything I get I deserve  
Survival in any meaning of the world you heard

[Yall like soldiers but not like Murder,  
Yall like soldiers but not like Murder,  
Yall like soldiers but not like Murder]

I got a Hustler Spirit  
Survival Soul  
I got a Hustler spirit  
Survival Soul

How you gonna try to say I cant get this cake  
You better get it straight dawg If you don't give I take  
And this aint being tough this in my face  
I aint no way your getting Steak off my dinner plate  
Ive been on the grind too long  
at times I wanted to move on but didn't  
They say when your soul speaks to you, you listen  
And you'll find exactly what your life's been missing  
So I paid attention

and then I had a vision that I could be the biggest thing  
to be mention

It seems like there's so many chefs in the kitchen  
and only one knows how to make the right dishes.

it so sad

but so true

And this is my shoes

Im only being Mook, what do you want me to do

I cant live my life in regards to you

And everyday to helped me get through, nigga

[Yall like soldiers but not like Murder,  
Yall like soldiers but not like Murder,  
Yall like soldiers but not like Murder]

I got a Hustler Spirit

Survival Soul

I got a Hustler spirit

Survival Soul

I got a pride that I kill for, die for

This is my fate dawg, I'm hoping you decide yours

I got a bunch of niggas, they dont abide laws

Cuz they don't give a fuck, they just supply wars

And those my niggas, I rolled with those niggas

Straight get money, fly stone, cold killas

And you could never tell just by looking at them

But they'll give a nigga shells just by looking at them

And I heard you got some cars and such

a couple broads to fuck

A lil hard to cut

But I don't see the big fuzz

Cuz your not like us

cuz when your under the spotlight

the Spotlight bust

me on the other hand

Im just too much

I'm so much the shit,

the shit I take the shit don't flush

Ask me will I hush

no Its not likely

And you could be many things but not like me

NEVAA

[Yall like soldiers but not like Murder,  
Yall like soldiers but not like Murder,  
Yall like soldiers but not like Murder]

I got a Hustler Spirit

Survival Soul

I got a Hustler spirit

## Survival Soul

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